

way of militarists. But the greatest test is yet to come. These "conquerors" of a people thrice betrayed must now carry the fight to the western front, where waits a vast host of enlightened warriors, whose numbers are growing rapidly as the free citizens of the United States add their great quota to the Grand Army of Democracy.

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COLONEL J. BAYNE MACLEAN

The name of a Canadian North-cliffe who is wise after the event, and who tells the truth—not the whole truth, but just as much of the truth as suits his purpose, which seems to be that of discrediting British statesmen and British policy. The Colonel has said a good deal lately about trading with the enemy by permitting indirect traffic in, say, British cement. He mentions British cotton, and blames British statesmen for not declaring it contraband in the early stages of the war.

The Colonel refrains from mentioning Canadian nickel.

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LO HERE! LO THERE!

We have it on the authority of Sir George Buchanan, who until quite recently was British ambassador to Russia, that Nicholas Romanoff, ex-Czar of Russia, was friendly to the British.

Now comes Dr. E. J. Dillon, amateur diplomat, correspondent to the London *Daily Telegraph*, who promises to make the flesh of the ordinary citizen fairly creep with the story he intends to tell about the wicked ways of secret diplomacy. He proposes to reveal the "disloyal methods" of Russian policy before the war, and of Nicholas Romanoff he speaks in this wise: "The plastic

Russian Emperor cunningly concealed an inexhaustible spring of rank perfidy under the simple exterior of a shallow but ardent humanitarian, which entitles him to a place above Cagliostro in the sphere of sharpers and posture-masters."

THE LATE CHIEF McLENNAN IN MEMORIAM

The deeds of men, as beds of golden sand,
Glean riches as each wave of time rolls by.
Their golden nuggets must be washed and panned
Ere we can tell the wealth that there may lie.

So, when man's last completed task is done,
The wealth of deeds, by him so well concealed,
Rises in triumph, counted one by one,
And stands for aye his monument revealed.

So, predestined, survives his hidden good,
E'en though his body be but honored dust;
Facing his end, as well a hero should,
Died as he lived, still faithful to his trust.

So in our memory, green survives today
He who was friend, yea, father to us all.
His noble heart now stilled in silent clay,
This be our grief, has passed beyond recall.

—HARRY SHAW,

Police Constable 130.
Vancouver, B.C., March 20, 1918.